

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BETOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



THE GUARD INSPECTED BY THE KING.

THE TALL MAN.

CHAPTER VI.—STRICT DISCIPLINE.

SPRING had come round with its fresh green leaves, its singing birds, and all its delights, but they brought no joy to Lane. Like the captive birds that beat themselves to death against the wires of their cage, Lane felt desperate, and tempted to put an end to his misery by sword or musket. His fate seemed too dreadful to be borne. Week after week

passed, but no tidings of his beloved ones reached him. He had written several letters, all of which had reached the post-office, but he expected the reply in vain. The hopes he had indulged made the heart-sickness of longing too heavy to endure. He was isolated in his misery, for none of the other soldiers seemed to feel any longing for release; and yet most of them had, like himself, been kidnapped from their homes and families. They, however, seemed not only merry and light-hearted, but proud

of their regiment, and proud of belonging to the famous life-guards of Prussia.

The grand review, which the king always held in spring, was now drawing near, and the life-guards had to go through extra drill. It was during these drills that it could be seen what the will of man can accomplish. There stood, as though measured by a line, five hundred gigantic men, ranged in long ranks, moved quick or slow, to the right or the left, at the word of command, as if touched by a spring. One word, and the five hundred heads were directed to the same point; a thousand feet were moved like those of one man. Then again they stood motionless; five hundred muskets were raised, shouldered, reversed, and placed with the butt-end against the ground. One effort, one blow, made them rattle in the same measured time. But what innumerable drills, and repetitions of each of these evolutions, had each of these five hundred men gone through before attaining this perfection.

Once it happened that the butt-end of one of the muskets had been a second behind the rest in touching the ground. The colonel strode up to the dilatory guardsman and gave him a cut on his helmet with the sharp edge of his sword. The weapon slipped off the grenadier's cap and cut through his ear, which bled, and the blood covered his neckcloth and the collar of his uniform.

"Captain Von Siedwitz!" shouted the colonel, "what is the name of this fellow who threatens to bring disgrace upon the whole regiment before his Majesty? Beat him with the flat of your sword, that he may learn to move his lazy bones quicker. Let him do extra drill till he can neither see nor hear. If such a blunder were to take place before the king I should send a ball through my own head!"

The colonel turned away, and the captain now began to abuse the grenadier.

"Million of thunderbolts!" he cried, gnashing his teeth. "Arnold, you are a good-for-nothing rascal, to debase me before the whole corps! I will have you beaten to death. Are you not ashamed, you old ass, before the new recruits who have done their drill like puppets? You were full two seconds too late in setting down the butt-end of your musket. What would become of the body-guard if the others were to imitate you? Lieutenant Von Wideborn, I put this man under your strict charge. We are all suffering from his stupidity. Let the wretch go away and wash his ear, and then he must continue at drill until he cannot move his arm."

Then the lieutenant began to storm at the poor culprit, and to blame Wimmer, the drill-sergeant. When at last the lieutenant ceased, Wimmer took up the strain, pouring forth all his rage upon the grenadier. The latter left his comrades to have his wounded ear bound up without having uttered one word in his own defence.

It was not until drill was over and his comrades came round him with inquiries how he, the smartest soldier of them all, should have done such a dreadful thing, that the poor fellow said, in a voice of suppressed sorrow, "I was thinking of my wife just at the moment the musket should have touched the ground. She is dying, and has sent a message to tell me so. If I could only see her once more and take leave of her I should be content, but since the day I was carried off by the recruiting party I have heard nothing of her till to-day, and now I have had

this dreadful message!" Then Lane understood that under their cheerful exterior some of his comrades hid an aching heart, and that he was not the only wretched one.

Besides the approaching review and all the extra drills it entailed, Corporal Wimmer had another anxiety, and he applied to Lane to help him. At every review the king was accustomed to ask the newly-enlisted grenadiers three questions, which hitherto had always been the same. They were:—

I. "How old are you?"

II. "How long have you served?"

III. "Have you received your pay regularly?"

Now Frederick William wished to have none but Germans in his body-guard, but as the recruiting parties picked up their giants in every place where they could find them, it followed that the ranks were composed of men from every country in Europe. But the king was not to be allowed to discover this. Therefore all the foreigners had to be taught so much German as would enable them to answer the king's questions.

The matter in hand was to teach the French grenadier *La Fleche* the three replies that were needed. He had hitherto only been able to master the words of command at drill.

Corporal Wimmer with immense difficulty taught *La Fleche* the three answers to the three questions according to the order in which they were usually asked, but it had never occurred to him to explain the meaning of the words either of the questions or the replies.

The day of the review came at last, and the king also. The regiment of the Royal Grenadier Life-guards was drawn up in imposing array. Frederick William the First bore himself like a soldier, and strode along the lines with a firm step; his hair was powdered and dressed with a pigtail; he wore a blue coat, a red waistcoat, and trousers; a star glittered on his breast, and a sword hung at his side; in his hand he carried a gold-headed stick. His countenance was comely and fresh-coloured, with an open but somewhat harsh expression.

Lane, for the first time, saw his sovereign closely, and his heart beat at the thought that this man held in his hands the happiness or the misery of his whole life. The wild idea came into Lane's mind that if he could speak to the king and tell him all that had happened he would set him free and give him his discharge. Nothing could be more dreadful than his present lot; any change, even punishment, after he had made the trial, would be welcome. So he resolved to speak to the king when it came to his turn to be questioned. The king approached. A shudder passed over the strong man, but he held to his resolution. A strange incident drew his attention from himself at that moment. The third man to the left of Lane, from which side the king was approaching, was the Frenchman *La Fleche*. The king stopped, looked at him, and asked him, not the first question which he had always before addressed, but the *second*! "How long have you served?" Corporal Wimmer turned pale; his lips moved, but he did not utter a sound, he nearly melted away with fear.

La Fleche replied, "Twenty-five years," pleased with his own readiness of memory.

The king looked with surprise, eyed him from head to foot, and thought it strange that he should not have recognised a grenadier who had served so long,

and then the man looked so young, which added to the wonder.

"How old are you, then?" said the king.

"One year!" answered La Fleche, promptly.

The king thought the grenadier was making game of him; his anger was roused, and with a terrible look and gesture he thundered out to La Fleche, who saw that something was wrong,—

"Are you an idiot?"

"Yes!" said the Frenchman, solemnly, exactly as he had been taught.

At this last reply the king turned hastily away towards his staff of generals and officers, who could scarcely be restrained, even by the presence of the king, from a shout of laughter as he told them the extraordinary replies he had received.

He asked no more questions that day, and Lane saw with a pang of despair his opportunity of speaking to the king pass away. Wimmer stormed everything at La Fleche, who was fortunately quite unconscious of the fine names bestowed on him, though he was dimly aware that his attempt to speak German had somehow been unsuccessful. Captain Von Siedwitz, who had been summoned to the king, abused Wimmer on his return; but, beyond hard swearing, nothing was done, and La Fleche continued to be a life-guardsmen as before.

The life of the soldiers, even those of the much-favoured regiment of the guards, was frugal even to privation. Eighteen-pence a day was very little to buy food sufficient for such gigantic bodies, and Lane, in addition to his other sorrows, had often to go hungry. He began like others of his comrades to cast about for something to do by which he might earn a little money. He was a man of education, and even his sorrows and his transformation had not destroyed his memory. He could write, and of course book-keeping was his second nature; he could speak French and other languages fluently, as well as read them, and gladly would he have given lessons, or even his services, but there was no opportunity. At last a chance came, for which "necessity which breaks iron" made him thankful.

In Berlin, at the season when there is a general change of residence on the part of the inhabitants, able-bodied porters are in great request. One day the mother of the little boy Wilhelm, who had often shown Lane kindness, came into the barracks and said, with an air of patronage,—

"Listen, Lane; there was a gentleman here just now inquiring for two guardsmen to help to move his furniture from one house to another. As you have always been kind to the children and the baby, I thought of you for the job; it will bring you a trifle, and money is always useful. You are off guard, and will not be wanted for some hours. Take your comrade Arnold with you—he is a steady, orderly man—and go to No. 45, Stauben Strasse, where the gentleman lives on the first floor. You will be able to hire a truck from the joiner opposite, and I can lend you a neck-strap."

The good woman was quite excited in the exercise of this piece of patronage, and she looked at Lane expecting to see him very grateful. Lane had chopped wood when he was a rich merchant. He had talked of taking his market servant to assist him in this task. He had worked with Blitterman, his book-keeper, and had felt no motion of pride. He had even reproved Blitterman, who expressed a wonder that he could even think of "associating

with a servant." But now that this good friendly woman spoke to him as though being a porter were quite a matter of course, and that he was neither better nor worse than a common soldier, Lane felt a movement of wounded self-love. He, however, laughed at this manifestation of false pride. "I could not have believed it of myself" thought he, and he thanked the woman very heartily and sincerely for her goodwill. He changed his uniform for a grey linen blouse, and trousers of the same, and then summoned Arnold, the man who was to be his companion, and who was no other than the unfortunate soldier who had brought down such wrath upon himself that day at parade, when his ear was nearly cut off. It was, however, quite well by this time, and he had recovered from the punishment drill. The two men set out with their trucks, with a strap each over their necks. It was strange to Lane, when he saw the handsome furniture and beautiful rooms, to think that not a year ago he had lived in even greater comfort, and that his rooms and furniture at Frankfurt were superior. He hardly knew which was true, his old life or his present one. But of one thing he was quite certain, that he would gladly be a poor man for ever if he might only have his Agnes, his mother, and his three dear children restored to him. "I would thankfully wheel a barrow or be a market servant for the rest of my days," thought he.

The business in hand was to remove heavy chests, trunks, and other articles of great weight from their places, to carry them on their shoulders down the steep narrow stairs, to place them on the bearing trucks, and to carry them to the new residence. Lane had immense bodily strength, but this was labour to which he was unaccustomed, and it fatigued him more than drill. Several times he had to beg Arnold to stop and let him breathe. The perspiration streamed down his face; curious thoughts passed through his mind. "If my dear wife with the children were in Berlin and to come suddenly round that corner, would they know me? What would people think if they saw a beautiful young lady, elegantly dressed, fall on the neck of a porter in a grey blouse, helping to carry a load of heavy furniture? Yes! that is what Agnes would do; and how I should rejoice; I think I should die of joy."

He looked round as if half expecting that his thoughts would be realised, but he saw none but strangers. His yearning heart asked for some object on which to expend its tenderness. He lifted up a little child which was at play in the street, and kissed it passionately, whilst the tears ran down his cheeks. The child at first looked half frightened and ready to cry at the sight of the moustached face close to its own, but the good kind eyes reassured it, and the child smiled and played with Lane's cheeks.

"Look at that foolish fellow with our child," said the mother, who was helping her husband to saw fire-wood close by, "and see how she is pulling his moustachios; but if he scratches her cheeks with his beard she will be cross."

"Have you a child of that age?" asked Arnold, sadly.

"Not exactly," said Lane, as he gently set the little one down. "But have you lately had any news of your wife?"

"No. I know not if she be alive or dead, or whether my children are orphans. They live far off in Swedish Pomerania, and as messengers do not

often come from thence I am not likely to hear. One thing is certain, things cannot go on as they are now. I shall desert at the first opportunity."

"But," said Lane, in dismay, "if they should catch you?"

"It would be all the same to me. I would die the worst death for the chance of liberty."

Here Arnold ceased, and took up the load. They had no more time for talking.

They had almost finished their job of clearing the rooms of furniture, and had made several journeys to and fro. On returning to the old quarters for their last load they became aware of some great commotion. They were the rooms of the king's private secretary that the men were employed to clear, and it seemed that a valuable gold watch, the property of the secretary, had disappeared mysteriously since the two guardsmen had been in the house.

"I saw the watch safe on your writing-table a short time ago," said the wife of the secretary to her husband. "Perhaps," she continued in French, "one of the guardsmen may have taken it. They are poor men, and have to live on very little, and the watch would be a temptation."

"How could we prove it? It is only suspicion; no one saw it taken; it may have been only mislaid."

As both the guardsmen were present during this conversation, Lane could stand it no longer, and he

said in fluent French, and with a good accent, "So far as I am concerned, I assure you that I have not taken your watch, but to give proof of our innocence, both myself and my comrade will consent to be searched."

Both the secretary and his wife were taken by surprise. They had not expected that the man in a grey blouse, who was moving their furniture, should understand French, but they felt sorry to have hurt his feelings. One word led to another, and Lane was requested to tell them his history, and how he came to be in the life-guards. It was the first moment of sympathy he had experienced since the night of his capture, and it was an inexpressible comfort to unburden his heart. When he ceased, both the secretary and his wife expressed the deepest compassion for his fate, and there was no further question about searching the men for the missing watch. But Lane would not hear of this exemption, he insisted that his own pockets and those of his comrade should be emptied. However, the watch was not forthcoming. The secretary hoped it would yet be found, and he dismissed both the men with a liberal reward and a testimony to their honesty and good conduct.

They returned to the barracks, but the thought of the missing watch entirely disturbed the satisfaction which Lane would otherwise have felt in the events of the day.

WALES AND THE WELSH.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

OF Wales, both North and South, I had seen something more than once before, as a lover of nature and admirer of scenery. Of the Welsh I also knew something, having studied their history and seen their life, both in their own country, and in parts of the New World as well as the Old, where they have settled in large numbers.

But an opportunity occurred last year of revisiting Wales, and of seeing representative men of the Principality, in connection with an official inquiry. So I spent my summer holiday there, and now give some of my impressions, not in orderly descriptions, but in notes of miscellaneous sort; having the advantage also of obtaining from eminent natives of the Principality various papers illustrative of Wales and the Welsh.

The population of Wales at last census was a little over twelve hundred thousand. But there are hundreds of thousands of Welsh-speaking natives of the Principality, or their children, in England, in America, Australia, and scattered over the world. In Liverpool alone there are sixty thousand, and in Bristol and London as many thousands. It is not necessary, therefore, to go into Wales to learn the characteristics of the Welsh people. Still it is a notable thing in modern travelling, that a few hours by railway can take us from London into the heart of a region the inhabitants of which are of different race, language, and life from the general population of Great Britain. Politically and geographically "England and Wales" have long been one; but the

Welsh have retained their distinct nationality ever since their days of independence, and will continue to retain it after other branches of the Celtic race have been merged and lost in the great Anglo-Saxon or British commonwealth.

It is nearly six hundred years since Edward II was born in Carnarvon Castle. To have kept up their nationality strong as ever throughout these six centuries, is a proof of marvellous vitality, far more wonderful than the history of the Welsh as a people in remoter ages. We do not wonder at the traveller in the fable who wrapped his cloak the more tightly round him when the tempest blew, while he let it go when the warm sun shone. But here are these Welsh, united to England in Church and in State, with the same laws and institutions, and in every way sharing the civilisation and the prosperity of the empire, yet as essentially if not visibly distinct as in the days of Llewellyn or Owen Glendower. The visible differences cannot long be conspicuous in these days of school boards, and cheap postage, and swift railways, and much going to and fro. But the language and literature, the modes of thought and ways of life, in remote parts, are still full of strange interest, and present many points of novelty for the intelligent tourist.

WHO ARE THE WELSH?

Who and what are the Welsh? They are the descendants and the goodliest remnant of the great Celtic or Celtic race (perhaps the very first wave of Aryan

emip
time
The
histo
giam
prec
lear
of B
foll
of in
Dan
Arth
race
push
ward
amon
more
und
of E

retain
times
ancien
other
langua

Wh
family
Celtic
there
still
In Fr
Lower
quite
Man, i
ing to
Irish i
vive.
subord
they m
the str

emigration), which, at the beginning of historic times, occupied the whole of north-western Europe. The best popular account we have of them is in the history of the wars of Julius Cæsar. Gauls, Belgians, Britons, we there first clearly know and appreciate, and in the life of Agricola by Tacitus, we learn more of the British part of the race, the people of Boadicea and Caractacus. The Romans with their followers did not displace them, as did the later hordes of invaders from the north of Europe—Saxons and Danes and other northmen. The legends of King Arthur commemorate the long struggle of the older race to hold their ground, but gradually they were pushed northward into Scotland, and away down towards Cornwall and the Land's End, and westward among the mountains of Wales. The richer and more fertile soil of England left them comparatively undisturbed, till the days of the Plantagenet kings of England. Still the Welsh, though conquered,



CAERNARVON CASTLE.

retained their nationality, and until the most recent times there was no part of the island where the ancient people of Britain were more unmixed with other races, and where there remained more of the language and traditions of the old Celtic world.

THE WELSH LANGUAGE.

What is the Welsh language? It is one of a family or group of languages spoken by this great Celtic race. As recently as the eighteenth century there were six languages in this group, all of them still spoken, and five of these in the British islands. In France the Armoric or Bas Breton survives in Lower Brittany. The Cornish is now apparently quite extinct. The Manx language, in the Isle of Man, is also fast hastening to extinction as a living tongue. But the Gaelic in Scotland, the Irish in Ireland, and the Welsh in Wales, yet survive. For centuries these tongues have occupied a subordinate position to the English language, and they must in due time obey the law of "survival of the strongest and the fittest." English, as the lan-

guage of legislation and government, of national politics and literature, and of the educated classes, and the commercial classes, throughout the kingdom, must gradually become universal. But it is very evident that the Celtic will hold its ground longer in Wales than in Scotland or Ireland, for reasons which will be presently stated.

"How long do you think the Welsh language *may* last?" I asked a learned and patriotic Welshman.

"How long may it last? Why, sir, the Welsh language is imperishable. It is the most ancient language known, and no one can disprove that it was that of our first parents. It was probably the language of the Titans, and of the gods of ancient mythology. Certainly it is one of the oldest of European languages. It has poems believed by the best critics to date from the sixth century, a period little after the departure of the Romans from Britain. The language of the Saxon contemporaries of Taliesin has been a dead language for centuries. And even in the time of Gwalchmai, in the twelfth century, the present English tongue was unborn. In spite of all attempts for centuries to suppress the Welsh, and all the prophecies as to its early death, it still flourishes, and is the language this day of hundreds of thousands in the Principality. There are three thousand churches and chapels and places of worship, more than two thousand five hundred ministers and preachers, and seven hundred thousand worshippers, all Welsh and Welsh-speaking. Welsh is also the language of hundreds of thousands dwelling now beyond the borders of Gwynll Walia. There are hundreds of Welsh churches scattered all over the United States of America, where the whole service is conducted in the Welsh language. In many of the chief cities all the way from New York to Wisconsin, you will find three or four large churches well filled with congregations. I myself saw lately as many as four or five thousand Welsh gathered together in the woods of the agricultural states of Ohio and Wisconsin, to hear the word of God preached to them in their old dear native tongue. There is more demand now for Welsh books than ever. The call for Welsh bishops has been so loud as to compel at last the English Cabinet to hear, so that this day the four bishops of Wales are able to read and understand if not to preach Welsh. To-day the old patriotic aspiration of the Welshman appears to be in less danger of non-fulfilment than ever, '*Oes y byd i'r iaith Gymraeg*' (The age of the world to the Welsh language)."

By a less sanguine and enthusiastic Welshman, also a man of great learning, I had been told that "a century hence Welsh will not have greatly diminished." Its endurance as a spoken tongue may therefore be surely reckoned on for a long time to come. But what of Welsh as a *written* language? I asked my friend, "Do the people read and write as well as speak Welsh? and what do they read and write?" At my request he prepared a reply to these questions, and I have pleasure in giving his report on

THE PRESENT STATE OF WELSH LITERATURE.

We have more books in proportion, taking the population into consideration, than any other nation on the face of the earth. The first Welsh book, a primer, was published in 1531; the New Testament in 1567; and the whole Bible in 1588. The number of books published or republished to the end

of the sixteenth century was twenty-three, including the Bible, portions of the Bible, the Prayer Book, dictionaries, primers, grammars, and several books on divinity. A long list of publications in Welsh appeared more than twenty years ago in a Welsh quarterly, giving the names of no less than thirteen hundred and fifty Welsh books published during the period between 1531 and the beginning of the present century, and it is now well known that the list is far from being a complete one. Some of our historians give the number of books in that period at about two thousand. And this number again is very insignificant when compared with the number of books issued from the Welsh press during the present century.

The literature of Wales is usually divided into four periods:—1. From the earliest time to the Norman Conquest in 1066; 2. From the Conquest to the Reformation, which nearly coincides with the incorporation of Wales with England in the reign of Henry VIII., in 1536; 3. From the Reformation to the reign of George III., in 1760; 4. And from 1760 to the present time. The last seventy or eighty years has given a new impulse and life to literature in Wales, which is attributable to several causes, such as the great influence of a few distinguished Welshmen, the spread of Methodism, the establishment of periodical publications, and the institution of patriotic societies.

The pulpit more than anything else aroused Wales from its inactivity, and lifted it up from its darkness and superstition. Ministers with extraordinary talents, and burning with the zeal of God, went the length and breadth of the land, and gathered thousands and thousands together, to hear the gospel of salvation. The preaching, again, created thirst for the word of God; but the people could not read. They were attentive hearers, but no readers. Removable day schools were established, and went from town to town, and from village to village, having the simple object of teaching the people to read. These schools were superseded by Sunday schools, which soon spread over the whole country, and became permanent and most effectual. They were not like the English Sunday schools, for children and the poorer class, but schools for both young and old, rich and poor alike. All those that were able were selected for teachers, and all the others became scholars. By this instrumentality scriptural knowledge increased wonderfully, and is still a prominent feature in the Welsh. When the people learned to read, a demand for Bibles and other books arose; and the same ministers and good men that preached the gospel and established the schools, went to work in earnest to provide further still for the wants they had created. They succeeded in securing large supplies of the word of God, established printing-presses, started new periodicals, some of which continue to this day, and published a number of excellent books that are standard works in our literature.

Some of our foremost literary men say that the number of Welsh books of every sort and size published during the present century, exceeds eight thousand. With the exception of standard scientific works, we have books or pamphlets on every branch of general knowledge. But the subjects of the greater portion of our books are divinity, history, philology, and poetry. No nation can boast of a better dictionary than Dr. W. O. Pughe's, published

at the close of the last and beginning of this century, which contains above one hundred thousand words, with twelve thousand quotations from standard Welsh authors, ancient and modern. We have excellent Bible dictionaries, and other dictionaries with Welsh words for every English word in the latest editions of Walker and Webster; a great number of standard works on theology, in all its branches; nine commentaries on the whole Bible in the Welsh language, exclusive of a number of family Bibles with practical and devotional notes; nine commentaries on the New Testament separately, and several on particular books of the Bible. We have histories of the world, of Great Britain, of Wales, of the Church, of the Martyrs, of the Methodists, of the Independents, of the Baptists, of the Jews, etc. We have an incredible amount of poetry, good and bad; and translations from the best English authors, in verse and prose, such as Milton, Bunyan, Gurnal, Jonathan Edwards, Matthew Henry, and many others.

Our periodicals are numerous. The first periodical was published at Carmarthen in 1770, "*Yr Eurgrawn Cymraeg*." The second was published at Treveca in 1793, "*Y Cylchgrawn Cymraeg*." Then came the "*Drysorfa*," by Charles of Bala; "*Greal*," by Owain Jones, of London, edited by Dr. W. O. Pughe (1805), and the "*Eurgrawn Wesleyaidd*" (1809). The first newspaper was published weekly in Swansea, by the Rev. Joseph Harris, in 1814, called "*Seren Gomer*." In about four years it appeared as a monthly magazine, which became a national and a powerful organ. It is now, still with the same name, a quarterly magazine. Gradually, through a great many attempts and failures, our periodical literature increased. Now, for many years, every denomination in Wales has established a number of periodicals of its own, of different size and character. The following statistics were published eight years ago:—"At the present time we have twenty-nine monthly and quarterly magazines in the Welsh language. There are also eight (now more than a dozen) weekly papers published, and the aggregate circulation of the magazines and papers amounts to 120,000. One magazine has a circulation of more than 39,000 monthly. The circulation of Welsh books and periodicals is very large when the number of Welsh readers are taken into consideration; because all Welsh people are not Welsh readers. The population of Wales last census was over 1,200,000. It is calculated that not more than two-thirds of this number—say 800,000—understand the Welsh language, and of that number nearly the half understand English as well as Welsh, and a good number of them confine themselves to English books and literature, and this limits the circulation of Welsh books considerably. We cannot be far from the mark by adopting the calculation usually made, and putting our Welsh reading population at 500,000. Taking these facts into consideration, some of the above periodicals have a larger circulation proportionally than any periodical published in London, or in the United Kingdom. This is sufficient, I believe, to prove that the Welsh as a people 'read and write' their language as well as speak it. Indeed, of late, a number of English publishers have speculated largely in publishing Welsh books. Most of these cost in parts from 1s. to £3. The History of Wales, just completed by Blackie, of Glasgow, contains 22 parts at 2s. each; and there is a similar one as to price to follow from the same

hous
book
Earl
be m
imme
we, t
ene
it ha
hasty
brate
Wels
state
prosp
which
It is
Sund
more
there
decid
tion
much
know
infini
betwe
than
it has
as it
tongu
to its
are n
mann
of op

Other
Histo
Cymr
bards
borro
the la
not on
of ma
some
affect

E
It
langu
burgh
Cymr
Europ
both
earlie
of its
the E
a wro
other
when
native
writte
In the
greate
to the
Europ
will y
to illu
in rem
It is
philol

house. Virtue is now commencing perhaps a larger book still on 'The History of Revivals from the Earliest Times.' Book-agents selling these are to be met in every town and village, and doing an immense trade. I mention this also to show that we, the Welsh, can and do read, and to let all the enemies of our dear vernacular language know that it has no sign of death or decline. I will close this hasty sketch in a few lines from one of our late celebrated bards, *Ahyn*, whose heart was full of the Welsh fire:—'After all, in looking on the present state of things, we do not see the most distant prospect, we confess, of that annihilation of the Welsh which our opponents seem to wish for so ardently. It is now, and it is likely to be, the language of the Sunday school and the ministry. True it is that more English is spoken in the Principality now than there was a century ago. That, however, is no decided proof of there being less Welsh; the population has doubled, means of instruction have increased much during that period; and much also of this knowledge of English is to be attributed to the infinitely greater intercourse which has taken place between us and our fellow-subjects of late years than ever existed before. . . . Consecrated as it has been by the genius of our bards, and surviving as it does the shock of ages and the wreck of other tongues, it may be almost left for its future existence to its own energies. It has already proved that there are no materials of death in its composition; and the manner in which it has supported itself in the face of opposition has shown that there is

"Lle i ddwrnad nad oes lladd arni."

(Life in it that cannot be destroyed).

Other languages may have been brought up with History, and grown old in her company; but the *Cymraeg* was an ancient grey-headed dame, and her bards were bald and blind with age, before History borrowed the pen of Learning, or had been cradled in the lap of Time; and the language which thus hath not only its youth but its old age beyond the research of man and the recollection of centuries, must possess some qualities which the revolution of years cannot affect. It must be immortal! "

ENGLISH NOTIONS OF WALES AND THE WELSH.

It is to be hoped that the new chair of Celtic language and literature in the University of Edinburgh will give a fresh impetus to the study of the *Cymraeg*, the ancient tongue of north-western Europe. Much light may yet be thrown, from the study both of literary and monumental remains, upon the earliest history of our island, and upon the connection of its inhabitants with Hellas, and Phœnicia, and the East. The Welsh orthography of our time gives a wrong impression of the language in its relation to other ancient tongues. After the time of Henry IV, when cruel laws were passed for the suppression of native learning, the Welsh was more and more written to suit the English pronunciation of the day. In the most ancient Cymric poems there appears a greater identity with a large class of vocables common to the civilised nations of Asia, North Africa, and Europe, in old times. The scholar and antiquary will yet discover many points in the ancient *Cymraeg* to illustrate the ethnology and history of the world in remote periods.

It is curious to note the diverse opinions among philologists as to the Celtic element in our English

language. Horne Tooke says ("Diversions of Purley," vol. ii., 311) that "our language has absolutely nothing from the Welsh." On the other hand, Mr. Ellis asserts that "there are good reasons for believing that near one-third of our language is of Welsh origin!" It may be safely said in this, as in other controverted matters, that the truth lies somewhere between the two extremes.

The popular English notion about the Welsh language and history is amusingly illustrated by Mr. Barham in one of the "Ingoldsby Legends." It is in "Patty Morgan, the Welsh Milkmaid's Story," about David and Winifred Pryce; the latter having, as all Welshwomen have not, very short legs and a very long tongue. However, we are not going to tell the story, but only to quote a little of what Mr. Barham says, as a specimen of what an English gentleman of culture thinks about the Welsh language:—

"Not far from his dwelling, from the vale proudly swelling,
Rose a mountain; its name you'll excuse me from telling,
For the vowels made use of in Welsh are so few,
That the A and the E, I, O, and the U
Have really but little or nothing to do;
And the duty, of course, falls the heavier by far
On the L, and the N, and the N, and the R.
Its first syllable PEN, is pronounceable; then
Come two LL's, and two HH's, two FF's and an N;
About half a score R's, and some W's follow,
Beating all my best efforts at euphony hollow;
But we shan't have to mention it often, so when
We do, with your leave, we'll curtail it to PEN."

In the course of the story the great events of Welsh history are referred to, and though the strain is humorous, it is a very fair sketch of the glorious past of Wales.

"All the patriot rose in his soul, and he thought
Upon Wales, and her glories, and all he'd been taught
Of her heroes of old, so brave and so bold;
Of her bards with long beards, and harps mounted in gold;
Of King Edward the First, of memory accurst,
And the scandalous manner in which he behaved,
Killing poets by dozens, with their uncles and cousins,
Of whom not one in fifty had ever been shaved;
Of the Court ball, at which by a lucky mishap
Owen Tudor fell into Queen Katharine's lap;
And how Mr. Tudor successfully wooed her,
Till the Dowager put on a new wedding ring,
And so made him father-in-law to the King.
He thought upon Arthur and Merlin of yore,
On Gryffith ap Conan and Owen Glendower,
On Pendragon, and"

Dr. Heylin, in his "Microcosmos, or Little Description of the Great World" (3rd ed., Oxford, 1627), has a few pages about Wales, curious as expressing the general notion about the Welsh among scholarly Englishmen two centuries and a half ago. Peter Heylin was the same who figured so conspicuously afterwards in the ecclesiastical strifes of that age, the friend and biographer of Archbishop Laud, and the polemical foe of Thomas Fuller. According to the *Microcosm*, "The men in Wales are of a faithful carriage, one especially towards another in a strange country, and to strangers in their own. They are, questionless, of temper much inclined to choler, as being subject to passion called by Aristotle

**Ἀκροχολία*, by which men are quickly moved and soon appeared: of all angers the best and noblest. The Welsh language hath the least commixture with foreign words of any used in Europe, and by reason of its many consonants is less pleasing."

Heylin tells the usual anecdotes of Welsh history, beginning with the legends of very ancient British kings, "till the felicity of Edward I put an end to all the wars and troubles in these parts." He had after the Conquest divided all Wales into six counties (Glamorgan, Carmarthen, Pembroke, Cardigan, Merioneth, and Carnarvon), over each of which he placed a lord-lieutenant, after the manner of England; but, "being very desirous to have one general vicegerent, he sent for his wife to Carnarvon that her son might be there born, as all readers of English history know." "The king then assembled the British lords, and offered to name to them a governor born in Wales, which could not speak one word of English, and whose life no man could tax. Such a one when they had all sworn to obey, he named his son Edward, since which time our kings' eldest sons are princes of Wales." John I of Castile and Leon, in imitation of this politic act of Edward, made his son Henry "Prince of the Asturias," a name borne by the Spanish princes.

Notwithstanding the care of Edward I, and the stern repressions of Henry IV, after Owen Glendower's rebellion, yet "till the time of Henry VIII and his father Henry VII (both being of Welsh extraction) they never contained themselves, or very seldom, within the bounds of true allegiance. For, whereas before they were reputed even as aliens, this Henry made them (by Act of Parliament) one nation with the English; subject to the same laws, capable of the same preferments, and privileged with the same immunities. He added six shires to the former number, out of those counties which were before reputed as the Borders or Marches of Wales, and enabled them all to send knights and burgesses into the parliament. "So that," says Heylin, "the name and language only excepted, there is now no difference between the English and Welsh: happy union!"

One more sentence from old Dr. Heylin: "I will now shut up my discourse of Wales with that testimony of the people which Henry II used in a letter to Emanuel, Emperor of Constantinople: 'The Welsh nation is so adventurous that they dare naked encounter with armed men; ready to spend their blood for their country,* and pawn their life for praise,' adding that 'since their incorporating with the English, they have showed themselves most loyal, hearty, and affectionate subjects of the State.'"

In the library of the cathedral of St. Asaph, I saw the leaf of a curious old book, framed and hung up among other curiosities for inspection, in which this passage occurred, quite in accordance with the words of Henry II as quoted by Heylin: "The ancient inhabitants of this county (Flintshire) were the Ordovices, a sturdy people against the Romans, but now most kind and gentle, and indeed make much of all strangers, except they be crossed, and then they are the contrariwise." I did not test the last clause, but retain most pleasant memory of hospitality and kindness received at Holywell in Flintshire.

ARCHDEACON WILLIAMS' "GOMER."

About twenty years ago, in 1854, the Venerable John Williams, Archdeacon of Cardigan, published a remarkable book, entitled "Gomer; a brief analysis of the language and knowledge of the ancient Cymry." A Second part was afterwards published, containing "a critical view of the Cymraeg, both ancient and present, with specimens from the works of the oldest Cymric poets." Archdeacon Williams not only showed that the Cymraeg was "a most primitive and vigorous offshoot of the original language of the Noachide," but he maintained that the Cymry of Britain had an advanced civilisation at a very early period. Long before Homer sung, or Cadmus entered Europe, the western coast of Great Britain must have been the resort of men deeply skilled in metallurgy, who conveyed the peculiar produce of its mines to all parts of the then known world. The stone monuments commonly called "druidical" were the works of a race of men who occupied this island from north to south, from east to west, in times far anterior to history, and who were not temporary sojourners, but the possessors of and inhabitants of the land, who had brought with them from the East whatever knowledge the East had then to impart—"workers filled with wisdom and understanding, and cunning to work all works in brass," who for ages supplied Europe, Asia, and Africa with the metals most in use,—whose language was the Cymraeg, of which they have left lasting monuments in the district of the mines. Such names as Bodmin, Bodern, Tremayn, Tremenhere, Carmin, Minheneth, Pendarves, Pendennis, need no interpreter, but tell their own story.

"That this was no common race," the archdeacon says, "is attested by a fact unparalleled in the history of nations, that the renown of one of the heroes of a protracted struggle, respecting which we have no authentic written records, should have silently grown, and spread so widely, that not only his own race, but every nation in Europe, celebrated the name of King Arthur as the model of a Christian warrior, an accomplished monarch, and the chivalrous redresser of all wrongs; that his court, conspicuous for the polished valour of his knights and the peerless beauty of his queen and her ladies, enlightened by the wisdom of Merlin, and the learning of Christian bishops, and enlivened by poets and musicians of unrivalled genius and skill, was long regarded as the pattern which historic kings laboured to imitate. Are these facts reconcilable with the theory that the Britons who wrought these deeds and achieved this fame were barbarians, and that the early civilisation and religion of the Cymry, and the renown of King Arthur and his companions, are mere myths, the creatures of Celtic vanity and of unreasoning imagination?"

GEOLOGY OF WALES.

The great majority of tourists content themselves with the picturesque aspects of Wales. They follow the roads and the guide-books, visiting the places most notable for scenery, and most famous for good inns and good cheer, knowing little of the country itself, and less of the people. Artists and pedestrians see more than the crowds who frequent the watering-places or keep to the routine "tourist arrangements." There are travellers, however, who like to know something about the geology of the regions they traverse, understanding well how much geology

* "An old and haughty nation, proud in arms."—Shakespeare.

affects not only physical geography and scenery, but also the history of a country, and the habits, occupations, and character of its people.

If Wales had been a flat, level region, of recent geological epoch, like the tertiary formations of southern England, or the limestone area of central Ireland, its history would have been very different. Easily overrun and subdued, the Welsh would have been only a quiet pastoral race, with no heroic legends or patriotic independence. Its rugged mountains have given shelter to an ancient people, retaining a proud nationality, and thus left to have their character moulded by influences of a higher as well as more powerful kind than arise from climate and geographical position only.

To the sea as well as to the mountains much has been due in forming the national life. Swansea, the seaport of the mining region of the south, is one of the most remarkable towns of modern times, in its history, statistics, and whole condition. But until a comparatively recent period the country was essentially agricultural and pastoral over its largest surface. The population in such condition did not increase rapidly, and wealth was slow of growth. But all this is changed by the vast development of mineral wealth, especially in South Wales. This has become a scene of busy industry, almost rivalling in population and resources the richest and ugliest regions of central England. What a contrast between the Wales of the Upper Silurian and Mountain Limestone region of the North (*see Map*), and the Wales of the Coal and Iron regions of the South! At a hasty glance the people seem of wholly different race and life; and to some extent the influx of strangers has partially degraded the national character, from the heathen and the popish influences conveyed with the new mining population. But on closer view we find that the densest part of the mining region is largely leavened with the moral and religious influences which have raised the general level of Welsh character so high. Taken as a whole, the Welsh mining population is far above the corresponding class in England. The conduct of the men of South Wales, during the recent strike and lock-out, was on the whole worthy of admiration. Whatever fault may be found with them for being led by agitators from without, there is no doubt that they bore a hard wrong in that lock-out with patience and good spirit. And it is certain that the toilers in that mining district expected a larger share of the marvellous flow of wealth that has enriched the few and fortunate owners of the soil, in which all the inhabitants have a proportional interest.

But I must not dilate on the social and economical aspects of geology. Let the reader turn to the map, which gives a clear view of the structure of the country.

To the ordinary traveller Wales is a land of dark rocks, broken and confused, with coal-pits and iron-works on the south, slate quarries in the north, and lead mines between the two. But to the geologist it presents an orderly succession of stratified deposits, the unravelling of which has been the work of the past half-century. It was commenced by the twin-giants of geology, Sedgwick and Murchison, and has been completed by Professor Ramsay and his trained bands of the Geological Museum and School of Mines.

Wales is now divided off, in a geological sense, into a westernmost fringe in North Wales, of old coarse slates called Cambrian, upon which comes a

similar but more varied series called Silurian, divided into Upper and Lower; and these again divided into many distinct layers, each distinguished by peculiar marine organisms. There are nearly nine thousand species of ocean life of which remains have been found in Silurian rocks. The strata were originally the mud floors of ocean, converted into dry land, and then rent and lifted by volcanic forces, the latter also occasionally acting during their deposition, and pouring forth ashes and lava, thus forming the lofty mountain ranges and the broken coloured crags of the landscape.

After the consolidation of these strata, and after they had been subject to wearing and weathering, the deposits forming the Old Red Sandstone were thrown down in isolated lakes. At a later epoch the larger part of the present area of Wales was covered by the wide-spreading ocean of the carboniferous limestone, interspersed with land on which grew the mighty forests, the products of which, during long myriads of years, formed the coal, prepared for the future use of man.

Then there were other formations supervening, which, however, have been mostly removed by water action in old geological times, leaving patches and detached areas of the more recent rocks. The surface has since been planed down to its present picturesque outline by the effect of the waters of the pluvial period, the ice and snow of the glacial period, and the slow effects of frost, rain, and sunshine, and other recent influences. In the Pass of Llanberis, for instance, and in most of the valleys round Snowdon, the whole phenomena of glacial action can be studied as completely as in any valley or pass of the Alps. The glacier is no longer there, but the moraines or drift heaps, the ice-floated blocks, the striated or scratched and polished surfaces, and other glacial appearances, are manifest. Professor Ramsay's account of the Cwm-glas glacier is a remarkable piece of scientific description, and the tourist in Wales will do well to study what he has written about the old glaciers of the Principality. The valleys now clothed with wood were, at no very remote period (according to geological time), filled with glaciers, and through the upper part of the deeper mountain passes the sea then flowed, bearing majestic icebergs, among the island peaks which now form the loftiest of the Welsh mountains.

In its popular and non-scientific view, the points of chief geological interest are either those which are connected with noted scenery, or which are related to the mineral wealth and resources of the region.

The grandest portion of Welsh scenery is in the north-west, especially in Carnarvonshire. The basis of the Snowdon range is formed of Old Silurian and Cambrian formation, broken and upheaved by intruding masses of syenite, greenstone, and other ancient igneous rocks. At a later period fresh eruptions formed the porphyries and other deposits, which are true lava beds, with ashes and other volcanic products. The Cader Idris group of mountains, the Berwyn mountains, and other ranges, have been similarly formed, their features varying according to the age and character of the sedimentary deposits through which the igneous and volcanic rocks have thrust themselves. The more recent the deposits, the less rugged and grand is the resulting scenery. There are still occasionally fine peaks or cliffs, but in general, from Llangollen southward, the contour of the hills is more rounded, and the heights slope down towards smooth and pastoral regions.

The mineral wealth of Wales chiefly lies in the coal formations, the lead mines, and the slate quarries. There are many other products, including gold, silver, copper, limestones, but of very secondary commercial importance. The coal and iron works are chiefly in the south, but there is a strip of the coal formation in North Wales of unusual depth and great value. The lead mines are both in North and South Wales. The slate quarries are principally in the north-western counties, Caernarvonshire yielding three-fourths of the whole. The slate quarries, as at Ffestiniog and Penrhyn, are richer, and far more steadily productive, than most of the gold fields and diamond mines of other lands. No more remarkable revolution in the wealth and occupations of a country can be named than has occurred in recent times in the little Principality of Wales, from the development of its mineral resources, especially in the coal and iron-fields of the south. So much does geology more than geography influence the economic condition of a country. Wealth is not, however, the highest element in the welfare of a people, and there is no fear of Wales degenerating into a mere mining region. There are large tracts of poor but picturesque grandeur, and also wide geological areas where the wealth is of the safer and quieter kind connected with agricultural and pastoral pursuits.

A FEW WORDS ON THE MUSIC OF MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS.

BY EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

THE power of melody has been felt in all ages and at all times, and when associated with words of a stirring character, its effect has been tenfold. It is impossible to overrate its influence, so wonderfully does it act upon our feelings. When the song is sung by thousands, its effect is electrical. Look back upon Luther's glorious entrance into Worms, with his countless followers, singing the soul-inspiring "Ein feste Burg." Remember the meetings of the early reformers at Paul's Cross, and the thousands that "raised the song of glory, causing," as Strype says, "all hearts to weep for joy!"

The singing of simple melody by large numbers of untutored voices, guided by a skilful leader, has an effect more powerful than the most elaborate music performed by ordinary trained choirs. When the celebrated musician, Samuel Wesley, visited Italy, and heard the Gregorian Song sung in unison by the monks (sometimes in large numbers), he confessed that no music was like it. It overpowered him, and made him exclaim, "After all, what is the use of our skill in counterpoint!" Simplicity is grandeur, and all great effects are produced by simple means. This is an axiom everywhere admitted.

The music which forms so essential a part of the revival meetings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, is a realisation of what we read of the "thousands" of untutored voices uniting in one universal shout in singing the praises of the great Redeemer! And how it carries us away! The effect must be heard; it cannot be conceived. "Even the critical musician," says the "Orchestra," "will allow its prodigious grandeur—a grandeur far different from that of a Handel Festival, but more impressive, as it is natural, spontaneous, and enthusiastic. No puerility

in the words, no consecutive fifths or solecisms in the music, affect those who sing; and the infantine tune becomes magnificent in the surging roll of ten thousand voices."

With regard to the melodies used by Messrs. Moody and Sankey, there is much to be said in their favour. Something has long been wanting in sacred song to carry away the hearts of the people—something that would affect the unlettered generation, so that they might the more readily dwell upon the truths conveyed by the words. The tunes of the Reformation, although grand, are for the most part destitute of individuality, and uninspiring. Then came a class of hymn-melody more ornate and melodious, but overpowered by a certain vulgarity.

In more modern times we have many good tunes composed, for the most part, by organists and professed musicians, and more remarkable for the skilful texture of the vocal parts than for any clear and definite melody they possess. This class of tune never can become extensively popular, and it is altogether shut out from the multitude. Indeed the effect of tunes of this description depends upon their being sung by well-trained choirs, and not by congregations. No wonder, then, that when the people get pure unsophisticated melody, quite independent of any harmony, *speaking*, as it were, the words of the hymn, that unqualified success should attend its introduction. There is a *life* about these new melodies which Mr. Sankey has brought together, and they lay hold of the imagination and heart of all classes of people, even the educated.

The words have a great deal to do with the popularity of the tunes. There is an admirable fitness between them—the true union of poetry and song. It has been urged that these words have no literary merit. Granted; but surely their simple imagery and old-ballad-like diction are better suited to the class of people for whom they are more especially intended than words of a higher character! People like to sing what they *feel*, and it is the glow of warmth, the pathos, the fire and energy that runs through these hymns (simple as some of them may seem) that carry all before them.

A writer in the "North British Daily Mail" says: "Some of the hymns which Mr. Sankey has introduced to this country immediately became popular, the tunes being caught up with avidity. Not only in religious services, but in the streets of every town the evangelists have visited, can 'Hold the fort' be heard. This vigorous and catching tune is sung and whistled at every street corner, and at times and places least expected finds favour." The words were probably suggested by the military feeling excited by the great war.

HOLD THE FORT.

Spiritoso.

Ho! my comrades, see the sig-nal wav-ing in the sky,
Re-in-force-ments now appear-ing, Vic-to-ry is nigh.
"Hold the fort, for I am com-ing," Je-sus sig-nals still;
Wave the an-swer back to hea-ven, "By Thy grace, we will!"

In none of the hymns sung by Mr. Sankey does he more clearly "sing the gospel" than in "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." It has been remarked: "The effect produced by his expression, warmth of feeling, and the pathetic wording of the last verse, is almost indescribable; the attention of the congregation is fixed upon the vocalist, and a suppressed murmur of excitement is heard when the last touching notes have died away." This is the hymn sung at nearly every service.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

Andante.

What means this ea-ger, anxious throng, Which moves with bu-ry
haste a-long—These wondrous gath'ring's day by day—What
means this strange com-mo-tion, pray? In ac-cents hush'd the
throng re-ply, "Je-sus of Na-za-reth pass-eth by," In
accents hush'd the throng reply, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

A writer in the "Daily News," describing Messrs. Moody and Sankey's "First Sunday in London," thus speaks of the effect of one of their hymns: "Concluding his sermon, Mr. Moody called for 'a moment or two of silent prayer.' Presently, while all heads were bowed, the faint notes of the organ, scarce louder than the silence, were heard, and before one could decide for certain whether it was actual music or not, Mr. Sankey, in the softest *pianissimo*, was singing

THE PRODIGAL CHILD.

Slow.

Come home, come home, You are wea-ry at
heart, For the way has been dark, and so
lone-ly and wild; Oh, pro-di-gal child! come
home, oh, come home! CHORUS. *ritard.*
Come home, oh, come home!

And at the end of each verse the well-trained choir, in little more than whispered melody, took up the refrain, 'Come home; come, oh, come home!' Organ, soloist, and choir, in the most skilful manner, gradually increased their force of sound until the last verse pealed forth in full volume. It is difficult to describe the effect the music had upon the faces of the congregation, who, still retaining their bowed position, were in one accord looking with transfixed eyes towards the platform."

And now we must say a word or two as regards Mr. Sankey's singing of these revival hymns. A very erroneous opinion seems to exist, among some

people, that this gentleman is an accomplished singer. Nothing can be further from the truth. Mr. Sankey has no pretension of the kind, and we question if he could vocalise properly the simplest exercise in the instruction book. He has possibly never had a "singing" lesson in his life. His voice is a powerful baritone of small compass. He touches E flat with considerable difficulty, and even E strains his voice. He sings only from the chest register, and his intonation is far from perfect. But he makes up for all these deficiencies by his grand delivery and clear enunciation of the words. He sings as if he feels all he utters; and it must be so, if we care to observe how his frame is stirred after one of his powerful appeals. In many respects professional singers might take a lesson from Mr. Sankey; his "speech-like" singing (as it has been properly called) is worthy of imitation by all who care to gain excellence in the art. The remarks of Professor Charteris, of Edinburgh, are well worth quoting:—

"With regard to Mr. Sankey's singing, not a few have been not unnaturally offended by the phrase, 'singing the gospel,' which was at first used in advertisements, and some have unfortunately never taken the trouble to inquire what was meant. But every one who has heard Mr. Sankey sing is well aware that his hymns are more than the mere accessory to speeches. . . . He has taught by example how great is the power of song when a man with gifts of music loves the truth of which he sings; and the hymns which we have heard him sing, with his wonderful distinctness of articulation and unaffected feeling and magnificent voice, will linger in our ears and hearts till our dying day. A few weeks have made his favourite hymns as familiar to every rank and to every age as those older hymns which we had known best and longest. Poor sufferers in the wards of the infirmary, lone old men and women in dark rooms of our high houses and back streets, are now cheered in a way no one dreamed before Mr. Sankey came, by visits from those who do not attempt to preach to them, but only to sing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. The consoling power of song has been tested and proved at many a sick-bed and many a death-bed. And that is not all; for we have been led to see that it is a mistake to confine song to utterance of praise or prayer in Christian meetings. We have learned to value more highly its power in instruction. The use of song for instruction and for the application of the truth is not new. It is as old as David, as old as Moses, but it has received a new impetus among us; and we who are called to 'teach and admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs' may well be glad to have been reminded how this may be done."

Messrs. Moody and Sankey's tunes must become exceedingly popular; nothing can prevent their extensive use. The secular origin of many of them is of no importance, and certainly no argument against them. Luther took the best of his fine tunes from the secular music of his time; and so did Wesley, and Whitfield, and many others of our far-seeing and enlightened men of former times. What we want is tunes that will convey the sense of the words to which they are adapted. The feeling and expression of both must rise and fall together. In a word, both must be so united that we cannot separate the one from the other. When this is the case, as in most of Mr. Sankey's hymns, a perfection will be attained as delightful as it is likely to be permanent.

W
young
hund
attach
the g
illum
fier i
made
Ayres
with
that
was
upon
hill.
sever
Amer
factio
of the
balloo
a thou
much
the a
howev
the w
to my
The c
rapidl
it was
mitted
car, i
an asc
ened
she ro
comple
cheere
until s
with s
of the
the pl
Star-sp
the m
garden
crowd
found
she w
replied
the rid
during
right.
I left
Addison
for a c
passed
the isla
directed
ing isla
at Poin
Akyab
voyage
spring
We l
permiss
right-t
splendid
with a

ADVENTURES OF AN AERONAUT.

BY RUFUS C. WELLS.

VI.

WHILE I was making preparations for a second ascent over Rio Janeiro I was requested by a young American lady to permit her to ascend a few hundred feet in the balloon, while it remained attached to a windlass by a strong rope. As all the gas from the city gas-works had to be used for illuminations, I was proposing to use my Montgolfier instead of my gas balloon, with which I had made some very remarkable ascents from Buenos Ayres. I yielded to my fair petitioner's request, with the condition that I should remain below to see that the men worked the windlass properly. There was considerable wind at the time, but its effect upon the balloon was partly broken off by a high hill. The lady took her seat in the car, and went up several hundred feet in good style, waving the American and Brazilian colours, with great satisfaction to the public and pleasure to herself. Some of the people were anxious that I should allow the balloon to rise the whole length of the cable—about a thousand feet. I informed them that there was too much wind above; that the rope might break, or the aerostat might collapse. They were so eager, however, to witness a higher ascent that they told the workmen, in the Portuguese language, contrary to my instructions, to let the balloon rise higher. The consequence was that they let it go up so rapidly that the sudden strain on the rope, when it was all unwound, broke it near the car and permitted it to run off with the young lady alone in the car, it being the first time that she had ever made an ascent. She appeared, however, not to be frightened in the least, but continued waving her flag as she rose several thousand feet in height, passing completely over the city, while the vast multitude cheered her again and again for her great bravery, until she safely descended in a distant garden. I, with several friends on horseback, went in pursuit of the runaway balloon. When we arrived near the place of descent, we saw the lady waving the Star-spangled Banner from one of the windows of the mansion belonging to the proprietor of the garden, receiving the cheers of an immense crowd assembled before the dwelling. I soon found my way into the house, and asked her if she was frightened when the rope broke. She replied, "Not in the least;" and that she enjoyed the ride very much, and had kept her flags waving during the journey to let us know that she was all right.

I left Rio Janeiro on board the American ship *Addison*, which was bound from Maine for Burmah, for a cargo of rice. With fair westerly winds, we passed far south of Africa, until we came in sight of the islands of St. Paul's and Amsterdam, and then directed our course for the romantic and truly charming island of Ceylon, where we stopped a few hours at Point de Galle for fresh provisions. We reached Akyab—our final destination—after a pleasant voyage of one hundred and twenty days, in the spring of 1865.

We had not landed many days when I obtained permission from Mahommed Buchs—if I spell it right—to make my first ascent in Burmah from his splendid garden, which was profusely ornamented with a great variety of oriental trees, plants, and

flowers. As only a few of the citizens had ever seen such an exhibition, nearly the whole town assembled to witness the extraordinary sight. I had arranged to start early the next morning on account of the great heat later in the day. On the 2nd of April I made the ascent amidst the deafening cheers of the astonished multitude, and soon passed from their sight through the clouds and over the land in a westerly direction. I met another current while beyond the clouds, which carried me in an opposite direction, and over the sea. I was not aware of it, however, until the clouds opening allowed me to behold the beautiful bay gracefully curving into the mainland, with its soft jutting promontories on either side, and the blue glittering waters beneath me, with more than fifty vessels riding at anchor near the picturesque town, while on the south extended the vast ocean, with here and there a ship or native boat floating upon its placid bosom. On the north could be seen immense rice fields, with a majestic river meandering through them, its banks lined with thousands of stately palm-trees lifting their feathery tops above the foliage of the orange groves. After remaining about an hour in the air, I descended into the sea, seven miles from Akyab.

I saw a boat with two men in it before I descended, and I called out for them to come and pick me up, but they pulled as hard as they could to get away from me, not knowing what to make of such a fearful monster coming from the clouds. Other native boats came within speaking distance of me, but none of the persons in them came to my assistance. After waiting patiently in my car up to my waist in water, with my life-belt on, while great ugly-looking sharks played around me for more than an hour, I was rescued by the crew of an American ship in the bay. The balloon was brought on board this vessel, where I received a good breakfast and a dry suit of clothes to wear until mine had sufficient time to dry in the heat of the sun. As the people in the town were looking for me to descend on the land, and did not know that I had changed my course when above the clouds and come down into the sea, they were exceedingly surprised on seeing me come ashore from a small boat. They could not understand how I could go up through the clouds in a balloon and return to earth in a boat. They really appeared to think that I possessed supernatural powers, and gazed upon me as though a strange god had come to pay them a visit. Some of them even took my hand and placed it upon large trays loaded with fruits or sweetmeats, appearing to believe that it possessed some charm which would enable them to sell their articles at a higher price.

Some twenty years before I arrived in India, Mr. Robertson, who died at Calcutta, had made a few ascents. He received from the King of Oude at Lucknow twenty thousand rupees for one ascent, and from the nobility five thousand rupees, and several jewels set with diamonds, as presents. He inflated his balloon with pure hydrogen gas. In January, 1866, I made an ascent from Lucknow, it being the second ever made from that famous city. I received permission to ascend from the Zenanah garden, which is surrounded by the palatial residences.

in which the five hundred wives of the king formerly lived. This palace, the Imambar, founded by Assufud Dowlah, is one of the most substantial and superb edifices in the East. The ruins of the fortified position held by the British troops during the Mutiny are now surrounded by parterres of all the rich and varied flowers of India. After having made a short voyage with a Montgolfier, my balloon was brought back and placed in a large and exquisitely-wrought summer-house of white marble, in the centre of the beautiful garden from which I had ascended.

A wealthy Parsee, knowing that Mr. Robertson had received twenty-five thousand rupees, equal to £2,500, as well as a number of very valuable diamond presents, offered me two thousand rupees (£200) for my first ascent, he paying all the necessary expense except for inflating the aerostat, and I accepted these terms. A short time afterwards I had several offers to make more ascents from some of the wealthy natives, who desired to have me ascend near their residences so that their wives might obtain a good view of the balloon. One of these native gentlemen had offered me considerably more than I received from the Parsee, who was desirous that I should make another for him at two thousand rupees. But a few days after my ascent my balloon was set on fire and nearly destroyed, in such a mysterious manner that I never learned the cause. Some of my friends thought that it was done through the prejudice of some of the fakeers or religious fanatics, who were unwilling that I should perform greater feats than their idols or gods; whereas others said that the great nawabs of the city were afraid that I might look into their zenanahs or harems and see their beautiful wives, or that I might accidentally descend among them while they were bathing or promenading in their magnificent gardens, and that they had bribed the two men who had charge of the balloon, and slept in the room where it was placed, to burn it up.

I went to Agra and Delhi to see about making ascents from these cities, and when I returned to the Railway Hotel at Lucknow, I was informed by the landlord that an Irish soldier had inquired for me during my absence, stating that he desired to tell me who had set my balloon on fire, and had left his address. I sent immediately to inform him that I would be happy to see him. He called, and then gave me a written statement that the Parsee who gave me the two thousand rupees had promised to give him fifty rupees if he would destroy it, because I intended to make an ascent for another person who would pay me more money instead of making another for him. He said that he took off his boots and got in through a window while the two natives were engaged in repeating their prayers in a loud voice, and therefore they did not see or hear him, although their lamps were burning at the time. He set fire to the balloon with matches in several places, so they could not put it out, and then quickly left the marble hall. As soon as the men discovered the fire they gave the alarm, and water was brought and the flames were extinguished, but not until the balloon was more than half destroyed. The soldier now said that the Parsee had refused to pay him. One of the men came to the hotel, situated about a mile distant, at midnight after I had retired to rest, and informed me of the catastrophe. The military authorities investigated the affair, and as the soldier could not prove that the Parsee had instigated him to commit the deed, he was punished

for his false story, and I had to sustain the loss of my balloon. I should be very much pleased even now to learn the truth of the mystery.

On account of losing much time in the investigation, and the strong hot winds commencing to blow, I gave up my intention of ascending from Delhi and Agra. The Rajah of Benares, the most holy city in India, desired that I should make an ascent for him and his friends. I prepared to do so, and having put a preparation on the balloon to confine the rarefied air better, I left it spread out on the grass to dry over night with the intention of making the ascent at 3 a.m. the next day. The Rajah had invited the Rajah of a neighbouring district and many of his friends, among them many British officers, who came early in the day with their families. In the morning, when I came to examine my balloon, I found more than a thousand holes in the part next to the ground. Some of them were so large that I could put my finger through, eaten by the millions of white ants which fill the ground in many parts of India. I never suspected these mischievous little enemies, which are such a pest to the people in many parts of that country, and no one had warned me of them. Of course, the ascent had to be postponed until the balloon could be repaired. As the Rajah was about to go on a visit of some weeks, there was no time to be lost. Another day was appointed, when there came on a terrific thunderstorm, which covered the place with water several inches in depth, and the day ended with a strong wind. The Rajah went on his journey, while I not only lost a large sum of money, but, by exposure to the extreme heat of the sun, and great anxiety in trying to make the ascent, brought on a fever which laid me up for six weeks.

In the latter part of the year 1866 I went to Trivanderam, the interesting capital of the province of Travancore, in Southern India. There I constructed a new Montgolfier, which was ornamented by a good painter with the flags and coats-of-arms of many nations. The people, having never seen a large balloon, felt very much interested, and the prime minister of the Maharajah gave me great assistance in various ways. There being ample time given to notify the public, a vast number of people came from the surrounding country and the small towns to witness the ascent. The ladies among many classes having more freedom here than in other parts of India, turned out *en masse*. On many occasions, in different parts of India, I have been invited by native gentlemen to visit them, when I have observed the ladies, perhaps half a dozen wives, and a score or two of other women, eagerly gazing at me through the latticed windows or doors slightly ajar, as if I was the ninth wonder of the world. I made the ascent from the square in front of the king's palace, and in a short time I reached a mile in height, when I had a very extensive view on the south and west of the ocean, which was only two miles distant from Trivanderam. On the east and north were lofty hills, and beyond were mountains clothed with magnificent forests. Beneath me nestled the city in one vast forest of foliage. About a mile from the palace lay the new, well-arranged, and cultivated public garden, near which on a small hill stood the astronomical observatory, surrounded by many fine dwellings inhabited principally by Europeans. A steamship and several vessels were seen like small toys scattered about on the bosom of the mighty

deep
float
After
scarce
grove
when
with
refre
palm
ing a
the i
I re
on h
eith
his p
aëria
high
he h
well,
At th
ring
and p
excla
alway
a kin
who
Afte
same
did fl
colou
sion
hund
minis
to his
to the
nume
time i
sent t
I rece
ring
money
braid
photo
some
from
the cr
I v
and c
gence,
and c
servan
desire
which
me if
some
off all
gave k
that s
her hu
horrib
India,
and h
the di
I vi
upper
seemed
accomp
palace
in hei
afterw

deep. The day was delightful, with only a few clouds floating above me and around the mountain tops. After a charming ride of less than an hour, with scarcely a breath of air stirring, I descended in a grove of palm-trees about two miles from the palace, where an immense crowd were ready to receive me with their hearty cheers of welcome. I was soon refreshed by the cool and delicious juice from the palm-nuts which they kindly gave me, then mounting a fine horse, belonging to the Maharajah, which the Madan Rao, the prime minister, had sent me, I returned to the palace, escorted by thousands, on horseback, amidst the cheers of the multitudes on either side of the way. The king invited me into his palace, and asked me several questions about my aerial voyage, expressing himself as having been highly pleased with the ascent, it being the first that he had ever seen. He conversed in English very well, though he had a slight impediment in his speech. At the close of the interview he suddenly took off a ring from his little finger, set with nine diamonds, and placed it upon the little finger of my left hand, exclaiming at the same time that "he hoped I would always wear it in remembrance of him." I received a kind letter the next day from the prime minister, who warmly congratulated me on my great success.

After having made the second ascent, in about the same manner as the first, when I carried up a splendid flag with the coat-of-arms of the king and the colours of the kingdom, presented to me for the occasion by order of the Maharajah, and costing a hundred rupees (£10), I was requested by the prime minister to go up a third time in honour of a visit to his majesty by the Rajah of Cochin. I complied, to the great satisfaction of the Cochin king and his numerous followers, who witnessed then, for the first time in their lives, such an extraordinary sight, and sent to me a silk bag full of rupees the following day. I received for these three ascents, besides the costly ring and beautiful flag, a considerable amount of money, a silver cloth dress, trimmed with golden braid, formerly worn by one of the kings, the king's photograph, a large and valuable tusk of an elephant, some choice sandal-wood boxes, and other presents from the King of Travancore, his prime minister, the crown prince, and nobility.

I was invited into some of the native houses, and conversed with the ladies. They possess intelligence, have beautiful forms, and appear contented and cheerful. A young Brahmin widow, with her servant, called on me one day, saying that she desired to leave the country and go to England, which she had heard so much about, and asked me if I could not take her in my balloon or in some other way. Her Brahmin parents had cut off all her luxuriant hair close to her head, and gave her only one meal of rice per day. She said that she would have been burnt with the corpse of her husband if the English had not put a stop to that horrible custom. I may remark that in this part of India, Christian missions have been most successful, and have largely influenced native customs, besides the direct results of the pious work.

I visited a school of young ladies belonging to the upper classes, taught by an English lady. They seemed quite anxious to improve their education and accomplishments. I saw the king walk from his palace and carry an idol of pure gold, about two feet in height, to the sea to give it a bath, returning afterwards in his carriage. I was told that a very

interesting and singular ceremony would, in another year, be performed by the king, that of being "born again;" that the Brahmins would construct a very large imitation of their sacred cow of pure gold, and the Maharajah would pass through it. Afterwards it would be cut or broken in pieces, and distributed to the Brahmin priests as sacred relics.

The prime minister treated me with great kindness, giving me permission to ride upon elephants, horses, and in carriages belonging to himself or the king whenever I desired. Having informed his excellency that I would be happy to thank the king for his great courtesy and hospitality to me before leaving his kingdom, I was told that his majesty desired that I should meet him about five o'clock p.m., at a cottage near the public garden, where he often went to spend a few hours.

He conversed very freely with me about America and other nations which I had visited, for half-an-hour, expressing a hope that I might again visit Travancore, and that I would succeed as well in other parts of India as I had at Trivanderam. I thanked him for the interest which he manifested in my behalf during my stay in his kingdom, which I was happy to acknowledge had been exceedingly agreeable, and said I should ever regard as one of the happiest periods of my life.

After visiting the highly interesting temples cut in the solid rock in the mountain side at Elora and Ajunta, I went to Hyderabad, with the intention of making an ascent for the Nizam, Salar Jung. His prime minister received me very well, giving me permission to occupy some rooms near his palace in the city, where I spent several months during the hot season. Here I witnessed the grand fêtes given on the departure of Sir George Yule, and the reception of Sir Richard Temple, by Salar Jung, in his spacious palace and exquisite gardens. They were celebrated in truly oriental style, with splendid fireworks and illuminations, closing with a grand ball. I was told by the prime minister that the Nizam would not permit me to make an ascent over his city for fear that I would see his wives, who would all be eager to witness the ascent. He said that not only the Nizam but some of the nobility had the same objection. I had the satisfaction, however, of giving some new and novel experiments in science before Salar Jung and his friends at his palace. A few days later one of the princes of the royal family sent his servant to bring me on an elephant to his palace, to perform scientific experiments before him. On my arrival, I was requested to take off my shoes before appearing in his presence. As I had never been asked, on coming before emperors, kings, princes, and prime ministers to do such a thing, I rather objected on this occasion, and it being extremely hot and dusty, I was not sure that my stockings were in a condition to appear before a prince; besides, there might be a hole in one of them, as is the case sometimes with bachelors, having no wives to look after them. The arrangement was made, however, through a third person, without my seeing the prince, on condition that I would conform to their ancient custom upon the days I was to give the experiments. Besides being well paid at Hyderabad, I received some presents—among them, two valuable cashmere shawls and a young cheta (a species of panther or leopard), from Salar Jung. This animal would follow me like a dog, and was as harmless and playful as a cat.

Varieties.

PENSION LIST.—Under the heading, "A Fortunate Flankey," we find the following in the "Bookseller":—"Giovanni Battista Falcieri, Lord Byron's valet, accompanied his master's remains to England, and afterwards entered the service of Mr. Isaac Disraeli, and, by influence of the present Prime Minister, got the appointment of messenger at the India Office, where he remained till superannuated upon a pension of £140 a year, which he received till he died; and now her Majesty has been graciously pleased to grant a pension of £50 a year to his widow. A pension has been refused to John Timbs, who has been all his life engaged upon the compilation of books of an interesting or useful nature, for whom an appeal is now being made, and who is said to be in a very distressed condition. It is therefore better to be a brusher of clothes to a nobleman or to a Hebrew than to be a writer of books." We quote this to show how ministerial patronage is watched, but the criticism is not fair here. John Battista was a very worthy and trustworthy man, and deserved reward quite irrespective of his services to Byron or old Disraeli.

Poor Timbs has since died, his last days having been passed in poverty; but it is scarcely correct to quote him as an instance of neglected merit. Twice he was put into a position of comparative comfort, first at Morden College, and afterwards at the Charterhouse, both of which appointments he voluntarily resigned, on the principle, we suppose, illustrated in the ancient fable of "The wolf and the dog with a collar."

But the Civil List literary pensions are certainly dispensed in an unaccountable way. We can name two writers who have all their lives been engaged in preparing books of a useful as well as popular character, but have no recognition of their work; while the author of "Jack Shepherd" has a handsome pension. One of these, Mr. Milner, has produced a whole library of valuable volumes in geography, history, and other educational departments; and the other, Mr. W. H. Kingston, has published about a hundred volumes, and all of them of an instructive as well as entertaining kind, as the popularity of his works in every school in England and English-speaking countries attests. Of all dispensers of literary bounty, no one was more generous and discerning than the great and good Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Disraeli, as a man of letters, has opportunity of restoring this pension list to its proper purpose, in recognising useful public service in science, art, and literature.

INDIA: DEATHS FROM WILD BEASTS.—One extraordinary feature of Indian life is the number of human beings destroyed by wild beasts. Rewards are offered by the Government for the killing of these animals; but in some districts the loss of life is very great, and in others, where it is less excessive, the reason given is that goats are very abundant, and that wolves prefer kids when they can get them. Deaths by snake-bites are very frequent, no fewer than 14,529 persons having lost their lives in that way in 1869, while in 1871 the total deaths caused by dangerous animals of all classes amounted to 18,078. In 1872-3 there were 1,525 deaths from snake-bites in Oudh, and 2,334 from snake-bites and wild beasts in the Bombay Presidency. In the Punjab 48 persons were killed by wild beasts during 1872-3; and in Mysore 21. In Curg there were only seven. Dr. Fayer is of opinion that if systematic returns were kept, the annual number of deaths from snake-bites (exclusive of all doubtful cases) would be found to exceed 20,000. The inhabitants of the border-lands between jungle and cultivation are killed and eaten by tigers in such numbers as to require the immediate attention of Government, both in India and in England. The following are a few out of the many instances:—"A single tigress caused the destruction of 13 villages, and 256 square miles of country were thrown out of cultivation." "Wild beasts frequently obstruct Government survey parties. In 1869 one tigress killed 127 people, and stopped a public road for many weeks." "In January, 1868, a panther broke into the town of Chicola, and attacked, without the slightest provocation, the owner of the field. Four persons were dangerously wounded, and one died." "Man-eating tigers are causing great loss of life along the whole range of the Nallai Mallai Forest. There are five of them. One is said to have destroyed 100 people." "In Lower Bengal alone, in a period of six years, 13,401 people were killed by wild beasts. In South Kanara, in July, 1867, 40 human beings were killed by wild beasts." The Chief Commissioner of the central provinces, in his report, shows the following terrible return of human beings

killed by tigers—In 1866-7, 372; 1867-8, 289; 1868-9, 285; total for three years, 946. It appears that there are difficulties in the way of killing down these tigers. First, the superstition of the natives, who regard the "man-eating tiger" as a kind of incarnate and spiteful divinity, whom it is dangerous to offend; secondly, the failure of Government rewards; thirdly, the desire of a few in India actually to preserve tigers as game, to be shot with the rifle as a matter of sport. Mr. Frank Buckland suggests an organised destruction of the tiger cubs in the breeding season, and the attraction of full-grown tigers to traps, pitfalls, and other devices, by means of a drug of valerian, of which tigers (which are only gigantic cats) are exceedingly fond.

THE BOYTON LIFE-DRESS.—Towards the end of October last year a statement went the round of the papers to the effect that an American had jumped overboard from the National Liner steamship Queen, some miles from the Irish coast, and had succeeded in gaining the shore safe, warm and dry, a violent storm notwithstanding. Although it was mentioned that the adventurer was equipped with a life-saving apparatus, the statement taxed the credulity of most people who know what the sea is in a storm. The fact, however, was well authenticated that Captain Paul Boyton, of the New Jersey Life Saving Service, Atlantic City, did so quit the vessel, and after remaining in the sea for seven hours, and drifting some miles along the coast, he was at length cast ashore high and dry at Trefaska Bight, on the Skibbereen coast, and the next day made his way to Cork, where he rejoined his anxious friends on board the Queen. Captain Boyton had previously saved many lives along the American seaboard, where he had been stationed with the Life Saving Service, and his name and achievements are now familiar round the world. The dress in which he accomplished his feat, although known by his name, is really the invention of Mr. C. S. Merriman, of New York, Captain Boyton's mission being to introduce it into Europe. The dress is made of solid indiarubber, and is in two parts, the lower being the pantaloons, to which boots are attached, and the upper the tunic, with sleeves, gloves, and helmet connected to it. The pantaloons are formed with a waistbelt or hoop of steel, which is elastic, and has a rib of indiarubber running round the outside. The tunic has a similar rib of rubber around the inside of the waist, which is drawn over and contracts under the rib on the pantaloons belt, and by its elasticity, gripping in tightly, forms a water-tight joint. This joint is further secured by an outer belt of rubber fastened with a buckle. Having put on this suit in the order indicated in our description, the operator next proceeds to inflate it, which he does by blowing in turn through five tubes, fitted with stop valves, each tube communicating with an air-chamber. Of these chambers there are two in the pantaloons, two in the tunic, and one in the helmet. In the front of the helmet an aperture is left large enough to show the eyes, nose, and mouth of the operator, and the act of inflating the helmet brings the edges of the rubber in close contact with the face, so that there are only a few square inches of exposed surface. The suit weighs 15lb., and when fully inflated is stated to be capable of sustaining a weight of 300lb., which allows for the weight of a person saved by the wearer from drowning, besides which the inventor has provided for the contingency of damage to any one of the air-chambers. The suit when out of use is packed away in an indiarubber bag weighing about 2lb. This bag has a compartment round the mouth in which three gallons of water may be stowed away. In the bottom of the bag are placed provisions, signal lights, etc., and air is blown into the water compartment, which expands the mouth of the bag inwards and so closes the opening, which can further be strapped tight. Equipped in this dress, and thus provisioned and provided with a paddle, Captain Boyton undertakes to make any reasonable voyage that may be suggested to him. As the dress fits loosely and is put on over the ordinary clothing, the temperature of the body is equally maintained. With a little practice, it can be put on and inflated in two minutes. Captain Boyton's first attempt to cross the English Channel, from Dover to Boulogne, was frustrated only by want of knowledge of its conflicting currents, and the refusal of the French pilot to take any responsibility after nightfall. His second attempt was made under more favourable conditions, and crowned with complete success, his voyage having occupied the twenty-four hours all but twenty-two minutes.

NO
barrae
equipm
on the
the clo
dentall
No.